

# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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## Notes of the Week

## The War

OME mystery exists as to both German movements in Belgium and events in Poland. The cry to "Calais at all costs!" still comes, and preparations are active, but are they for a new and last despairing effort or for retreat? In Poland, Russia's progress a few days ago received a check, but Russian checks are invariable preludes to sharp counter-strokes, and all reports to hand go to show that General von Hindenburg is again in retreat. The number of refugees arriving in Berlin from East Prussia does not suggest that Russian arms are getting the worst of it. The Germans in East Africa seem to have repulsed a British force, and, in Egypt, the Bikanir Camel Corps has had a costly brush with some sympathisers with the Turk. These incidents are unfortunate, but not of great importance. British airmen have again distinguished themselves by dropping bombs over the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen, and the submarine arrangements of the Germans at Zeebrugge have been sadly upset by the attentions of the Allied squadrons. Nowhere in the western area has even a temporary point been scored by the enemy; the Allies have either held their own or gained a few yards of ground, notwithstanding severe winter conditions.

## The Press Censor

Sir William Bull's first article censuring the Censor which we print this week demands the serious consideration we have no doubt it will receive. The Press and the public have no desire to be told anything which might serve the purposes of the enemy, but it is obvious that an office so constituted as that of the Press Bureau is ill-fitted to serve the interests of anybody. From the Government point of view Sir Stanley Buckmaster's claims, which we criticised last week, were distinctly unfortunate, and Mr. Bonar Law is convinced the Solicitor-General did not intend his words to carry the meaning they did. If that is so why does not Sir Stanley Buckmaster himself repudiate the interpretation? The Government must have a reasonably free hand in taking measures against lying reports, but their powers must not cover the right to prevent criticism of themselves. Ministers cannot be made Kaisers even in miniature.

Nor may they enter into rivalry with the false reporter as Mr. McKenna has done in his quite unpardonable attack on the *Globe*.

## The Middle Class and the War

Public indignation at the sight of crowds of eligible young men at every football match to whom the recruiting officer appeals in vain is growing rapidly. The majority of the spectators undoubtedly belong to the working classes. They are the very type of men who should be in the ranks. As it is, all our information goes to show that the bulk of the recruits for Kitchener's Army are men of the middle class, men who generally speaking give up a vast deal more than any so-called son of toil would sacrifice. This fact—if fact it is—is going to have a big bearing on the future. The middle class has always found itself between the upper and the nether social and political mill-stones: its appeals have not been heeded. When the war is over the middle class will be the preponderant section of the country trained to arms. It will stand no nonsense from the working man, and in the reorganisation of society which must follow, the claims of the class which has suffered most will come first. A strong patriot Socialist like Mr. Blatchford might give the subject attention.

## The Riddle of the Universe

Sir Oliver Lodge made some remarkable statements at the Browning Hall this week. He showed that the super-State which Germany would create must be essentially atheistic. The point is one which the Archbishop of York, who is pained by the attacks on the Kaiser, may care to consider. Another of Sir Oliver Lodge's views will make a sensation wherever the belief is held that there is "something after death" which mere man has not yet been able to fathom. After years of investigation of psychic phenomena he has definitely arrived at the conclusion that we survive after the breath has left our earthly bodies. He has talked with certain friends who have died, and is quite convinced that he is not the victim of hallucination or deception. Our dead friends still take an interest in what we are doing, he says, and they know far more about things than we know. That, everyone will agree, is "a tremendous statement." From scientific lips no more "tremendous" statement has ever come. Sir Oliver Lodge asserts that his conclusion is capable of scientific proof. He should give that proof, as Sir H. Bryan Donkin points out in the *Times*, and until it is forthcoming he must be prepared for scepticism among men of lesser attainment.

## Mars versus the Muses

The name of Mr. K. S. Birnstingl is quite unknown to us, but it is clearly that of a man who can diagnose a nation. In a letter to the *Sunday Times* he says that Germany has mistaken her vocation; not the army, the navy, and diplomacy are her *forte*, but philosophy, music, poetry, the arts and science. She has been led back to barbarism by the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis; the genius of her Goethes, her Beethovens, and a host of others has been asphyxiated in the gaseous atmosphere of an arrogant militarism. Germany's Day will come when she is able again to put the Muses in the place Mars has usurped.

## A Censure of the Censorship—I

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

WITH so much to do in a short session some matters of importance inevitably get scant justice done to them. This was the fate of my amendment on the subject of the Censorship to the vote of thanks for the gracious Speech from the Throne. It was the second order, but for reasons I need not go into it did not come on until the dinner-hour, when the House was nearly empty, and was tired with a long debate on the equally important subject of Alien Enemies.

No one realises more fully than I do the necessity of a Censorship of some kind. On the other hand, it is plain that the Censorship has not been skilfully managed. I could give scores of instances where no possible or conceivable harm could have been done by the issue of certain news, whilst the harm that has been done to recruiting by the absence of news is still scarcely realised. I know that Lord Kitchener—strong man as he is—does not care twopence for public opinion, but even he must realise that he cannot have his cake and eat it too. I say this because the Censor works and claims to work on the general lines laid down to him by the Admiralty and the War Office, and to have no power of his own.

Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the Solicitor-General, who has been appointed Press Censor in the place of Mr. F. E. Smith, gone to the front, did not hear my opening remarks, in which I said I did not purpose to attack him personally, but to bring before the House "some reasons for the present discontent," and to make suggestions whereby the Censorship could be improved.

I had been speaking for five or ten minutes when he came in, and he grew very angry and seemed to think that my criticism on his office was a personal attack on himself. It was nothing of the kind.

In my opinion the office started badly. There was a ridiculous dispute to start with as to how the men should enter the sacred precincts. They were forbidden the front door and directed to enter by the back. A trivial but significant squabble.

Then, again, the chiefs do not understand journalists, journalism, or the way papers are run. Papers go to press at certain specified hours, and it is very aggravating, after knowing certain pieces of news for many hours, for that news to be released an hour after all the papers are on the machines. I have reason to believe this has happened again and again.

I ventured to quote the case of the *Niger*—this vessel was torpedoed within sight of hundreds of people, and the news was known in London before noon. Would you believe that it was not allowed to be printed until 12.30 p.m.—after most of the papers had been made up—and in the case of others when there was no time to comment on the news?

What was the Censor's reply? "The news has got to be confirmed and the only source of information is the Admiralty, and a communication is made from our

office to the Admiralty immediately news of the kind comes through, and we cannot allow it until the Admiralty says in the circumstances it can be published, and the complaint of it is something for which we have no more responsibility than has the Member himself."

I humbly interrupted to point out that five or six newspapers got information that the ship was sunk in the presence of 500 or 600 people in the morning, and it was not allowed to be published until thirteen hours later. Sir Stanley replied: "As far as I can gather the hon. Member seems to think that if the news is received by four or five newspapers it becomes true. May I point out that we have had news sent into us from every corner of the kingdom exact in detail, agreeing in particulars of time and place, recording the complete destruction of our Fleet and the annihilation of a number of our capital vessels. If we had acted on the suggestion of the hon. Member opposite, we should have published that news to the world, every word of which was a lie."

Of course I had no right of reply—but surely thirteen hours is a trifle long to ascertain whether a certain thing has or has not happened less than eighty miles away on our own coast?

Mr. McKenna says the Home Secretary has no power over Chief Constables. It would seem that the Press Censorship has very little power either—that as a matter of fact there is a double censorship. The Admiralty and the War Office censor first, and it has then to go through the Press Bureau afterwards—or before, as the case may be.

Let us consider for a moment the objects for what the Censorship was established:—

(1) To prevent any information being disclosed to the enemy which would either directly or indirectly be useful to those with whom we are at war.

(2) To prevent any information being published which might either directly or indirectly be injurious to the British or their Allies.

(3) To so "control" the English Press that nothing should appear in our newspapers which might injudiciously affect the spirit of the British public.

It should be endeavoured to attain these objects with the *very least possible* injury to the vast interests concerned—the interests, that is, of the newspapers and those who contribute to them, the cable companies, the news agencies, the foreign correspondents, etc., etc. The legitimate and reasonable interests of all of them should be considered and safe-guarded in every possible way consistently with carrying out the purposes for which the Censorship has quite rightly been established. Also much judgment and care should be exercised so to "censor" the news that the public shall not become indifferent with regard to the war.

Besides, it must be borne in mind that a certain amount of "lime-light" directed upon their performances in the field is, and rightly is, not altogether unwelcome to our troops at the Front—and not altogether unnecessary.

The life-history of the Censorship in England until

now is this: At a moment's notice a system of Censorship was established, and with little knowledge of the conditions which it might disturb. Censors were introduced into the Post Office, Telegraph Office, and the cable companies, and were sprinkled by the hundred in every direction. In three or four weeks the system was found to be defective.

The Press Bureau was then founded. Without being enabled to study thoroughly the ramifications of the then existing Censorship Mr. Smith, almost in an instant, organised a new system which he, as it were, "plumped down" upon the remnants of the first! It has not been quite obvious yet whether the Press Bureau system was to be an auxiliary system to the other or was intended more or less to replace it!

Within a month of his appointment Mr. Smith was replaced by Sir Stanley Buckmaster. To Sir Stanley Buckmaster, an able Chancery barrister, the work to be performed by the Bureau was almost entirely work with regard to which he had little or no experience. On the combined remains of the two previous systems, however, he promptly and energetically set about to establish a third!

It may be somewhat of an exaggeration to suggest that two underlying sentiments of each successive director seems to have been (a) damn the public and the Press, and (b) when convenient "soft-sawder" the journalist.

The actual "Censors" are doing admirable work, and are doing it most intelligently and most conscientiously. But the "instructions" which were originally issued to them were necessarily drawn up hurriedly and with scarcely any knowledge of the conditions which they would disturb. Defects which might have been excusable at the first, and in these circumstances, should most of them have been removed by now, when ample experience has been gained. Also, the "organisation" is obviously "faulty," and could not be otherwise in the circumstances which have been described. This has to be remembered—that what is called the "Press Bureau" is only a section of the censorship system as we have it now. There is "overlapping."

The fact is, that the whole system requires to be revised, and the Government should frankly admit that this revision is necessary, and, for the purpose, have the matter thoroughly inquired into by those who have the necessary knowledge and experience.

As a matter of fact, the Censorship has simply paralysed the British Press. No criticism can now be made without apprehension, justified or unjustified, of official reprisals. Do not misunderstand me. This does not apply to military matters at all, but to such matters as criticism of the Antwerp policy, to internal arrangements such as denunciation of the spy danger, to any adverse references to the undoubted breakdown and defects in the transport of the wounded, to the muddling over recruiting, and to defects in the Paymaster's department. I hope to deal with those subjects and the explanations of the Censor and the Home Secretary next week.

## An Open Letter to Lord Haldane

MY LORD.—It has been suggested by more than one reader of these Open Letters that I should not overlook yourself. This peculiar interest in you springs apparently from a doubt whether Great Britain is or is not under some sort of debt to you. If I am to answer that question freely and frankly, I should say that Great Britain has to thank you, in no small measure, for the crisis in which she now finds herself involved. You have done two things which seem to me to merit anything but gratitude. First you pulled our military system to pieces, substituted one of your own devising, which, so far as I am aware, no one whose opinion is of military worth ever attempted to defend, and persisted with it even when its failure was patent to everyone except the political chiefs of the War Office. Second, you were known to be more familiar with the life and thought of Germany than possibly any of your contemporaries, you have never wavered in your admiration of German achievement in the last quarter of a century, and you have allowed no word of warning to escape your lips as to the sort of teaching in favour throughout Germany for generations past.

Your intentions have no doubt been excellent; to none in this country has this ghastly war brought more sorrow and pain than to yourself; but it only proves to those of us who are not philosopher-politicians that good intentions which facts do not warrant are paving-stones to be trodden in sackcloth and ashes. You are credited with one of the finest minds in the British Isles, a credit, I confess, I have not always felt disposed to endorse; as lawyer, as philosopher, as statesman, your keenness of observation and soundness of judgment have often been extolled for my special benefit, until I have almost convinced myself that scepticism was personal obtuseness on my part. For the purposes of this epistle I am prepared to admit that you are all that is claimed for you. What, then, if your patriotism is as true as no doubt it is, are we to say of the great brain and the high purpose which dare not lay before the people the unvarnished facts as to their army and the sentiments which moved the German Empire from the Kaiser to the veriest schoolchild?

Sometimes I have thought I detected a half-admission in your public utterances that your Territorial scheme had failed, and more than a half-admission that there was no alternative but universal compulsory service. Even that word, at the mention of which every free-born Briton seems to squirm, Conscription, did not send recruits in adequate numbers to the Territorial ranks. Why did you not boldly range yourself beside the splendid soldier who last week was laid to his rest, and proclaim the truth to a nation groping in the dazzling light of Freedom? The man who looks

directly into the sun-rays sees nothing; the photographer who turns his lens towards the sun gets no picture; and a people which keeps its gaze so fixed on its liberty that it is prepared to call anyone traitor who suggests it should look elsewhere for security, is bound to be ultimately blinded. It is for men such as you to warn their fellows of danger and seek to turn them aside. You preferred the *rôle* of the demagogue, you left the mission which you should have discharged to Lord Roberts, and you were concerned only to deprecate the line he took. A democracy with the bit in its teeth is admittedly an awkward animal to ride, but it should be the business of the man in the saddle at least to attempt to steer it clear of precipices and visible pitfalls. Did you ever attempt to do so?

Failure on your part to put the truth bluntly before the British people regarding the Army was only of a piece with your failure to warn them of the teachings and preachings of the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis, which the Kaiser and his chief advisers, we see to-day, hardly took the trouble to disguise in the language of diplomacy. You must have been familiar with utterances, the full significance of which we all now realise. When some isolated outburst of Pan-Germanism was quoted in this country as proof of Germany's real purpose, you seized the first opportunity to discount its representative character. None can have known better than you the mad ambition of German militarism, the determination sooner or later to strike for world empire in a way which would victimise France and England and all who stood in her path. Did you imagine that you alone could stem the torrent which threatened to overwhelm us? Here again you helped to lull us to a sense of security which we hoped was real. Or are we to take it that, though you completed your education in Germany and were almost more in touch with Germany—Germany's own faithful henchmen apart—than perhaps anyone else in this country, you have not bothered your head about Treitschke and Delbrück, der Goltz and Bernhardi, and the smaller fry who repeated their utterances in the Reichstag and every debating society throughout the German Empire? You can hardly ask us to believe that your studies did not go beyond Schopenhauer, or was it that you were so imbued with *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* that you simply accepted the gospel of force and idea as a natural development in the modern German Empire?

Schopenhauer, in one respect at least, has been justified by the German spirit in its latest manifestation. Germany has surely given ample proof of the essential evil latent in human nature. That proof has been a shock to you, and to-day you open your eyes in amazement and indignation at the "wicked purpose" to which the German nation has been prostituted by its military caste. You are a little late in proclaiming that wicked purpose, and it is a mercy for civilisation that it had not to depend upon you for salvation from the effort of Brute Force to encompass its ideals.

I am, my Lord, your obedient

CARNEADES, JUNR.

## The Lyric Poetry of a Peasant People.—I

BY WOISLAV M. PETROVITCH

**I**N his preface to my recent essay on the Heroic Epic Ballads of the Serbians, the foremost Serbian historian, M. Miyatovitch, reproached me with having given no space in that volume to the equally, if not more, spirited "women-songs"—as the founder of Serbian literacy, Vook, Stephanovitch-Karadgitch, called the Serbian popular lyrism—the songs that have been composed and sung on various topics of the inner life of Serbian peasantry by women who have given birth to the heroes of Kossovo, Koomanovo, Bregalnitsa, and Yadar. That right remark to my lack of the gallantry due to our worthy and poetic mothers has pained me, and will pain me until a favourable opportunity presents itself to repair my involuntary thoughtlessness by preparing another volume entirely devoted to those "women-songs" that have been charming a suffering people through ages under the Osmanlic oppression.

More than in their epic ballads the Serbian people have shown in their lyric poems that they have at all times kept their eyes and their souls opened to Nature and to her magic productions and phenomena. Of all Slav nations the Serbians have poured out their delicate soul—that limits with fragility—into their lyrism. Serbian lyric song is distinguished chiefly by its brevity, keen observation of Nature, strength of emotion, and sincerity of feeling. Indeed, brevity is the quintessential requisite for a true and genuine emotion, and we find that some of the finest poems of the world's great poets have not been long.

The Serbian lyric poet lives in Nature, identifies himself with her, personifies her; she, in her turn, shares the poet's feelings, rejoices with him, suffers, weeps, and dies with him. This feature results from the fact that the personal feelings of an individual are rarely, if at all, sung about. Almost invariably the poet sings of general feelings, introducing into his work such elements from Nature as may be in harmony with the feeling that gives the lyric poetry an epic character. Yet I have been unable to find any Serbian poem, lyric or epic, in which the poet glorifies, in Homeric manner, the *paysage*. Unlike the Polish lyrism, Serbian songs do not dwell on depicting the rising or setting sun, buzzing of bees in gardens of fragrance, undulating of wheat on a midsummer day, or groaning of forests, re-echoing sighs of dying oaks and the struggle of vampires that dwelt in them.

The Serbian woman sings on all occasions and everywhere; she sings while working at home or on the field, while playing, feasting, or weeping. In Vook's collection of lyric songs, published in 1866, there are more than 1,100, chiefly about love—which lyric poetry is not? But those songs do not dwell too often on Eros; not rarely they treat of devotion to the mystical forces; and especially frequently they sing of birds and other animals, of trees and flowers.

The love of birds and animals, however, is not a feeling monopolised by the Serbians; it is more accurate to say that kindness to animals, as apparent in popular poetries, is a distinguishing mark of all the other Slavs. Did not the fierce Cossacks, in the present campaign, spare, whenever possible, German horses? Serbians are not only good to animals; they sing of them as of human beings, speak to them, and weep for and with them. There is hardly even an erotic poem to be found in Serbian lyrism that does not mention some animal, more especially a bird, and most frequently the nightingale. Amid the storm of most tender, exquisite feeling of the new conjugal love—conjugal, I said, because Serbian women know of no erotic love without the consecration of the common home—the woman-poet apostrophises that finest of lovers in the world of loving birds in order to impart to him the secrets of her life.

(To be concluded.)

### Art in the Crucible

ON all hands one hears the lamentation that art has been killed by this grievous war. The demand for art is dead. The painter to whom the sale of his work is a necessity has shut up his studio and enlisted. That appears to be the present connection between Art and War. Pictures are among the luxuries—are, in fact, the prime luxury—with which it is possible to dispense in face of the stern necessity to fight. Food, clothes, amusements and books in moderation are recognised as sheer necessities; music plays an inspiring part in war; but for art there is no place.

The reason for this is twofold. First, there is the national attitude towards painting and the allied arts, which has made of it a luxury instead of an integral part of life; secondly, the fact that of recent years painting itself has departed from tradition and become an intellectual pursuit instead of a decorative and emotional medium; it has lost its hold on the people of England. War has only precipitated the crisis prepared for by these two conditions. It has divorced national interest from a form of art which was uninspired and from a conception of the mission of art which was false. But it is quite possible that the same shock which has unbalanced existing conditions may prove the reinstatement of others more sincere and more to the interest of true art.

No two factors are more clearly shown during the time when we have any record of the existence of man than the principle of fighting and the instinct towards decoration. From the day the human being discovered the use of his hands as separate members he used them to fight with. Almost as long ago he discovered the necessity for expressing the sense of the beautiful he found within him, and so developed the first principles of decorative art. Since then a thousand ages have passed, races have waxed and waned, civilisations have arisen and perished; but these two principles have never changed—the desire to fight and the love of decoration. Conditions have complicated them immensely. The individual who beat his rival with a club before bearing off his mate to the solitary cave that he adorned with rude etchings engraved by the bones that were left from feeding-times, has grown into a vast, intricate society, governed by rules and regulations; while art has developed into an academic product, quite as unrecognisable by its prehistoric progenitor as the conditions in which it flourishes. But recent events have proved that which will be true to the end of time, that humanity, whether naked or adorned with all the trappings of civilisation, is essentially the same.

The savage settles his differences with his club, the modern nation with its guns, aeroplanes, and scientific explosives, but the feeling underlying each is the same. The only difference lies in this: that in the savage it is a natural action, in the civilised man a reversion to type—e.g., to the primitive instinct. Now no nation can go to war, throwing off all the shackles that the great policeman, Civilisation, has bound about it, without suffering a radical change in other of its outlook than that affecting the morality of the wholesale slaughter of human beings. Life ceases to be the revolution of a well-ordered, organised machine, and is once more the struggle for existence of the unprotected unit. Hence all ideas tend to become primitive. Passions are aroused, and tastes which can only be satisfied by that which appeals to natural instincts. In an instant the affectations and false estimates engendered by social life fade away. Constantly in history the same thing has happened. In times of peace man is not content with the essential; in all departments he experiments and endeavours to penetrate into the unknown; like his progenitors before they had realised the struggle for existence, he desires to be as a god, knowing the things which are not to be seen or apprehended by ordinary vision. Thus it is that,

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when strife is in abeyance, there is a great access of interest in all branches of science and knowledge, and men desire to express, through the medium of words or colour, the discoveries they have made in practical or philosophic regions. There have been two especial periods in European history when this has been noticeable in the art of painting—that of the Empire of Byzantium and the recent period of post-impressionism. In each of these art has been deflected from its true path and become merely symbol. In the former it was symbolic of the intense interest man had developed in the unknown and supernatural; it was a religious and dogmatic expression. Recently it has been the symbol of intellectual science, the attempt to pin on paper the thousand fleeting impressions, queries, half-comprehended truths that are telegraphed to the brain by life in its outward manifestations, and the mental significance to the artist of landscapes and persons and actions. Both of these expressions are intensely interesting and valuable as philosophic documents, but they are not art, and their exponents confused the issues of scholarship and knowledge with those of the perception and expression of beauty.

In the Middle Ages art re-found its greatness in that time of travail which brought forth the city states of Italy. In the days when the struggle for liberty waxed most fierce and warfare raged up and down the whole peninsula, men found time to weep for joy as they followed in procession the first painted Madonna that immortalised the spirit of beauty, and gave them back Nature viewed through the mirror of Art. We talk of the paralysis of war—but we speak falsely. The pangs which rend a nation to the centre of its being are more often those which herald the re-birth of its greatness than those which presage death. Genius has more frequently sprung from the sharp struggle with adversity than from the primrose path of ease. War is the crucible into which are being flung the literature and the art of our country. Much will perish in the ashes of the holocaust, but that which is sincere and great will emerge Phoenix-like to commence existence anew. Nature is ever working towards the evolution of what is most perfect. At times her methods are drastic. A whole species is sacrificed, a territory inundated, a tremendous catastrophe brought about, but from it steadily emerges progress. Similarly public taste, scholarship, the standards of art must sometimes be purified, brought back from doubtful quests into line with the canons of true art.

More than we know depends on the extent to which this present war is felt in our own country. We have some conception of what the pressure will be on our finance, on our commerce, on the private life of individuals, on the changed outlook of the public; but it is yet on the knees of the gods whether this tragedy of nations shall have power sufficient to purify the arts of the dross they have accumulated, and to give us, as some believe, a revival in all their branches, such as has not been witnessed for five hundred years.

## REVIEWS

### Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Unholy Joy*

*Satires of Circumstance.* By THOMAS HARDY. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

A FEW months ago, in these columns, "Carneades, Jun.," pleaded with Mr. Thomas Hardy that future poems from him "should not deal wholly with death and disaster." Most of the "Lyrics, Reveries, and Miscellaneous Pieces," however, in this new collection are either hard, grim, and sprinkled with references to tombs, coffins, and graveyards, or deal with the peculiar, unstable happiness which is shattered by a word or a memory. Trifling things will set Mr. Hardy's muse weeping—a milliner's booklet, for instance:

And this gay-pictured, spring-time shout  
Of Fashion, hails what lady proud?  
Her who before last year was out  
Was costumed in a shroud.

Two or three of the poems are really too horrible—"The Newcomer's Wife" is one; on the other hand, here and there, amid the chips of granite, lies a softly glowing gem. Such a relief is "A Thunderstorm in Town":

She wore a new "terra-cotta" dress,  
And we stayed, because of the pelting storm,  
Within the hansom's dry recess,  
Though the horse had stopped; yea, motionless  
We sat on, snug and warm.

Then the downpour ceased, to my sharp sad pain,  
And the glass that had screened our forms before  
Flew up, and out she sprang to her door:  
I should have kissed her if the rain  
Had lasted a minute more.

On these more cheerful gleams we should like to dwell; but there are so few of them. The question presents itself to any thoughtful critic as to the right of the title of poet, when claimed by one who so consistently dwells on the seamy side of things—one who sees the cold tide of disappointment and disillusion stealthily overwhelming life's happiest, most promising hours, and who celebrates its advance in a queer, rough music. It is a point that admits of argument; but we have to remember that beautiful lines, smooth rhymes, and prettily expressed thoughts do not make poetry. Mr. Hardy is concerned with the vivid presentation of moods, and he succeeds in nearly every case by reason of keen concentration, a refusal to admit any solace or relief. Our own relief comes from the imagining of a certain unholy joy in the poet as he fashions some very bitter and deadly stanzas, smiling genially—so we may be permitted to think—at the shudder of his readers.

Mr. Hardy includes in this volume a few poems that have appeared during this year; the majority, however, will be new to all. There is a clear, striking insight in many of them. Take, for an example, "Toler-

ance"; we infer that "she" has died, and the husband is musing on past irritations which he had ignored:

But now the only happiness  
In looking back, that I possess—  
Whose lack would leave me comfortless—  
Is to remember I refrained  
From masteries I might have gained,  
And for my tolerance was disdained.

An elegy on Swinburne is one of the finest poems in the book; we are glad, also, to see the "Soldiers' Song" that was written last September. If, on the whole, we think this collection not quite upon the same level as "Time's Laughing-stocks" or the "Wessex Poems," we must admit that it makes an excellent companion to those two fascinating volumes.

## The Macchiavelli of Pan-Germanism

*Treitschke, His Life and Works.* Translated into English for the first time. (Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Selections from Treitschke's Lectures on Politics.* Translated by ADAM L. GOWANS. (Gowans. 2s. net.)

IT has been our singular experience to have met recently more than one person who has found the works of General von Bernhardi unreadable. To such we cannot recommend the works of Professor von Treitschke, even or especially in their English translations; from a literary point of view these works are more or less negligible, and, of the translations, the bigger volume shows signs of an imperfect acquaintance on the part of the translator with both the English and German languages. We wonder incidentally if, supposing the speeches of Cato the Censor had been presented to the Carthaginian public in book form, the brochure would have been rejected on account of its apparent "unreadableness."

We are inclined to hazard the opinion that Treitschke is the greatest of all the enemies of England who have fought with the pen. Treitschke prepared the German people for battle, Bernhardi warned its enemies; Treitschke was a dangerous enemy precisely because he is "unreadable"; he is read and he was listened to with enthusiasm by those to whom his message was addressed, but his writings remained inside Germany. Bernhardi is eminently readable, and he told Europe, just in time, what the German Government intended to do. Till the present moment it was impossible to read Treitschke, except in extracts, or after great expense and labour, and we should therefore be grateful to our two translators. Mr. Gowans' work is rather of the birthday book order, but it contains enough to give a fair insight into Treitschke, if the reader will take our word for it that the extracts are representative. The other book contains a great deal more, including a memoir by a personal friend.

The Prussian Cato was a patriot gone mad, and, when he was at his prime, there was some excuse for Prussian patriots going mad. Germany had suffered long from the same disease that Macchiavellian Italy

nearly died of; the cure in this case was so thorough and so drastic that it was no wonder that Nemesis got left out of the account: "Be strong" had proved a good device; why should it not receive its full logical application? As to the Treitzschkean doctrine of "scraps of paper," that treaties are not eternal, it is the merest truism; no treaty is expected to last for ever, and, when it is broken, it is broken obviously in the interest of the breaker. But Treitschke held no brief for the indiscriminate breaking of treaties; we incline to think that if the violation of Belgium had been put before him as a hypothetical case, he would have condemned it.

Treitschke is worth reading. He has developed many immortal lies and many immortal truths, and a belief in both is more or less subconscious in most of us; substitute England for Germany in the text and we find ourselves wondering if "the right to bear arms," for instance, is so very extravagant a conception. The essential and peculiar wickedness of English foreign policy and the contemptibility of small nations are the most controversial propositions to be found in these pages, and the best answer to them is to remember that Treitschke died before 1914.

## A Curious Medley

*Queen Elizabeth's Gentlewoman.* By SYBIL CUST. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

FOR a curious medley of short essays it would be difficult to beat those of Mrs. Cust. The one that gives its title to the book has involved some historical research and deals with Blanche Parry, a lady of Queen Elizabeth's court. The narrative throws no fresh light on the period of which it treats, and one statement made by the author will probably not be accepted as quite accurate by students of the love affairs of the virgin Queen, namely that Thomas Seymour "kindled the only spark of real affection that the heart of Queen Elizabeth ever knew." If this be true, Essex and Leicester existed for some time on very poor fare.

Lippe is dealt with in two sketches in a more or less historical fashion. The remainder of the book consists of a short soliloquy on Bryanstone Square, a chapter devoted to "Thoughts in a Garden," one "From Old Days to New," and another on "Toys." From the last-named is to be gathered the fact that Mrs. Cust objects to golliwogs. The general impression to be gathered from the book is that the author has a frugal mind and does not believe in waste; her study, her occupations, her adventures, all are jotted down for future readers. For amusement she has perused several old documents: hence "Queen Elizabeth's Gentlewoman" and the articles on Lippe. She has in her time visited Chamonix: "A Week in Chamonix" is the result. A journey in a second-class compartment to the Sussex coast results in "Travelling Companions," a not very arresting account. If one judge by the intention and not by results, then there should be nothing but praise for Mrs. Cust's book.

## Shorter Notices

### A Lady of Many Friends

The author of "Our Village," if not one of the most brilliant stars in the literary firmament, shines with steady reflected light by reason of her famous friendships. In "Mary Russell Mitford: Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin" (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net), Miss Elizabeth Lee has collected some extremely interesting material, which, in view of the fact that no really satisfactory biography of Miss Mitford has appeared, should be of value to all students of her period. The intimacy with Miss Barrett—afterwards Mrs. Browning—is well known; the other friendships of which this book tells are not so familiar. Charles Boner was tutor to Constable's sons, a student, climber and hunter, and finally special correspondent to the *Daily News* in the 'sixties; to him Miss Mitford wrote voluminous letters. She frequently corresponded with Haydon, the artist; Whittier, Hawthorne, O. W. Holmes, and Longfellow knew her work and spoke highly of her critical powers. She seems to have known everybody of importance in the mid-Victorian world. "I have only messages backward and forward from Alfred Tennyson," she wrote in 1851; "we have never met; I don't believe he talks well, but he is kindly and amiable—only that smoking!" The book is really fascinating, for Miss Mitford, in addition to the charm of her style, was a beautiful character, with the power, it seems, of drawing out the best in others.

### The Kipling Alphabet

There are some authors whose work needs constant explanation by experts in their own particular scheme of expression; and it must be admitted that such complications do not tend to the pleasure of the reader. Mr. Kipling, in certain of his poems, has sinned heavily in this respect, and the "Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling" (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net), compiled by Mr. Ralph Durand, will prove of considerable use to those who are bothered by the numerous technical and dialect terms sprinkled throughout the well-known lyrics and rhymes. We question whether there was any necessity for such detailed definitions of the parts and accessories of a ship—such as hawsers, tackle, derrick, warp, etc.; most people who belong to a seafaring nation understand these things fairly well. But the elucidation of Hindu words, of slang phrases, of engineering terms and military expressions, is exceedingly good, and it is certain that many lines will be read with greater interest by the owner of this book. It is produced in a handsome style, and the idea at once occurs that it would make a very seasonable present for a lover of Kipling's work.

### Our Japanese Friends

Readers of THE ACADEMY need no introduction to the author of "The Story of Yone Noguchi, Told by Himself" (Chatto and Windus, 6s. net.). Mr. Noguchi has succeeded in the difficult feat of making himself known as poet and essayist in a language strange to him; in this delightful book he tells of his early struggles with the English tongue. He slept every night with a spelling primer by his pillow; his longest word was "earthquake"—impressed upon his mind by an actual shock; so eager was he that he chalked his English lesson on wooden fences as he walked. His

travels, first to San Francisco, then to Chicago (which city he detested—"Stars are not kind to Chicago," he says), later on to England, again back to Japan, are told in a style of artless comment that cannot fail to please. We may not all agree with his praise of the London fogs, but his impressions of the city are intensely interesting; we "see ourselves as others see us." On his second visit, last year, he notices that we have "stopped wearing the high hats so recklessly" as we did ten years before; and we commend to the authorities of the District Railway and the Tubes his suggestion that flowers should line the route instead of advertisements. Mr. Noguchi's book has given us much pleasure, and his friend, Mr. Markino, has illustrated it with most delicate pictures.

### Sir John French

"I regard Sir John French as the man who for the last twelve years has been the driving force of tactical instruction in the British Army." So writes Sir Evelyn Wood in his Introduction to Mr. Cecil Chisholm's "authentic biography" of "Sir John French" (Jenkins, 1s.). Though there are many small evidences of the haste with which Mr. Chisholm has prepared this volume, it is, on the whole, an admirable story of the Field-Marshall's life. The author has received valuable assistance from Lady French and others. We see Sir John French at work at home, in the War Office, in the Sudan, in India, and in South Africa. The biggest chapter in a brilliant career will have to be added when the present European war is over. Meantime it is good to have this account of the resourceful cavalry officer who to-day is the Field-Marshall Commanding the British Expeditionary Force. "My dear French,—You are a great British General," wrote a schoolboy after the South African War. He came out top in the stern school provided by the slim Boer, and he is on top now with the "contemptible little army" which he has taught Germany to respect.

### "The Kaiser's War."

In "The Kaiser's War," Mr. Austin Harrison (George Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) reproduces and amplifies his attack on the "politically vile" in Germany. Mr. Harrison, editor of the *English Review*, spent many years in Germany as a newspaper correspondent, and has always kept in close touch with German opinion. The contents of the book include chapters on "The Kaiser's Failures," with a remarkably vivid portrait of the Kaiser; "Intelligent Brutality," where Mr. Harrison has much to say about the official cult of brutality in Germany; and "The Collapse of Socialism." Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes a Preface in which he shows that he has been a good prophet.

It has been suggested that as a present to young officers going out on expeditionary service, not only English-French but English-German dictionaries might be of considerable use, while an English-German phrase-book should conceivably be found handy. Wessely's well-known English-French and English-German dictionaries may be recommended, also the English-German and German-English phrase-books. Wessely's dictionaries are not only convenient in size, low in price, and thoroughly up-to-date, but also remarkably complete. They are not mere dictionaries of technical terms, or of conversational phrases, but combine the advantage of both; and they also contain useful lists of geographical and Christian names, which differ according to the languages.

## Gift Books

### The Old Favourites

AT Christmas the publishers are encouraged to issue new editions of books whose reputation already is beyond dispute; so that there is little left to say about them except to praise the illustrations and the general appearance. From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton come two almost companion volumes, "Tales from Shakespeare" and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"; both are nicely illustrated, the latter entirely by Miss Eleanor Brickdale. The price is 6s. each.

### For Lovers of Verse

The arrangement of an anthology, while always giving pleasure to its compiler, cannot be expected to meet with the approval of every one into whose hands it falls. Poets, although proverbially careless with regard to certain details of attire, and lacking accurate knowledge of various articles of diet, are always extremely keen where rhyme and rhythm are concerned, and generally prefer their own selection from favourite writers to those of anyone else. Still a little book like Mr. Leonard Stowell's "The Call of the Open: A Little Anthology of Contemporary and Other Verse" (A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d. net), is sure to be chosen by many as a small present for a friend with poetic symptoms.

### Three Sketch Books

Messrs. A. and C. Black have three new sketch books for the Christmas market: "Newcastle-upon-Tyne," by Robert J. S. Bertram, "Harrow," by Walter M. Keesey, and "Windsor and Eton" by Fred Richards. All these are good and in every way equal to the volumes previously issued in the same series. The price is 1s. net each.

### First Prizes

If the illustrations to "The Golden Age" (John Lane, 12s. 6d. net), do not quite fit in with the scenes we imagined when reading Mr. Kenneth Grahame's fascinating story in a simpler edition, they nevertheless are very vivid, and will certainly not fail to catch the eye of the small reader. It is perhaps as well that this book should not be too lightly illustrated, because if a child has bright pictures to remember it by he may turn again to the story as he grows older and read into it an added charm which in his earlier years he was too young to appreciate.

"Come Unto These Yellow Sands" (John Lane, 6s. net), does not seem a particularly happy title for a child's book, however reminiscent it may be to the author, Miss Margaret L. Wood, of her poetic reading. However, the story of the little boy Darwin who talked with fairies and entertained imps is in quite the right vein to please the young folk.

"Poppyland," by H. de Vere Stacpoole (John Lane, 6s. net), chiefly concerns the strange adventures of Bellissima, a little Neapolitan foundling who afterwards was found to be, in the true story-book manner, a countess. Other more fanciful stories complete the volume, and make of the book a very suitable one for a Christmas present.

## If Only I Knew French!

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## England in Recent German Fiction

PERHAPS we have reason to be sorry now that for the last few years there have been so few among us who have made a habit of reading German. If current German novels had been as much read as those that come from France we should not have slumbered contentedly in a fool's paradise, so far as our notions of German intentions were concerned.

For the purpose of understanding the general tendency and drift of a nation's sentiment the popular novel is no unsafe guide. The less literary it is—the weaker its appeal to people of special culture and individual outlook, the more likely it is to give an insight into what the women are saying at the *Kaffeeklatch* and the men in the *Bierkeller*. An inquiring foreigner would probably get a better idea of the ideals and tendencies of the British middle class from "The Rosary" than from "Hilda Lessways." Mr. Arnold Bennett would give him a relentlessly accurate photograph of certain individuals, with their environment. Mrs. Barclay would show them to him, not as they are, but as they like to imagine themselves. When you are foreseeing people's probable action the bare facts about them are perhaps not so important as the notions that they have of themselves and others. In the long run, what men do depends on what they believe.

One of the most popular novelists in Germany at present is Rudolf Stratz, who devoted a recent book to a study of English as compared with German life and ideals. Entitled "Seine Englische Frau," it is the story of a German officer married to an Englishwoman. The Teutonic hero comes to England on a holiday to visit some distant kinsmen, and finds himself in a country where no one (outside the trampled serfs of the labouring classes) does anything but play. There is a description of the Thames on summer afternoons, alive with pleasure boats, idle men in flannels and girls to match. The distant cousins turn out to be thoroughly Anglicised; they have a mansion in town and a luxurious bungalow on the river. Edith ("pronounced *Idis*") lives and breathes for sport and amusement. The young officer falls a victim to her athletic charms. He marries her and takes her back to Germany. But the spoiled daughter of England revolts against the simple and Spartan conditions of a German officer's wife. She resents the strict discipline of the army, and cannot away with the society of the other officers' wives, while her money enables her husband to live in a style which excites the animadversions of these ladies. Finally, "Idis," sick of the whole business, induces her doting husband to resign his commission and lead an idle life in England, dragged about at her heels from one pleasure resort to another.

One sees the inevitable *dénouement* preparing. The fortune of Edith's parents, built up, like everything else in England, on fraud and false pretence, collapses suddenly, and the English wife, chastened and

humbled, is only too glad to follow her husband back to Germany, where he resumes the profession which he ought never to have left.

As a picture of English life the novel is childish, but it gives a vivid illustration of that attitude towards England which some people imagine to be confined to a military caste. The whole feeling of the country, one must realise, is behind this military caste. Its foes are their foes; its ideals are their ideals. The books written by women for women have for their favourite hero the German officer, hardworking, self-denying, concentrated on his task of upholding the honour of Germany, and sacrificing to that end his pleasure, his leisure, and even his personal dignity and freedom. We should have an easy task before us if all we had to do were to break down a military tyranny. We have to shatter the worship to which a race with magnificent capacities for self-sacrifice and endurance has dedicated itself—the worship of the German warrior, the superman, composed of the collective manhood of the Empire. Macaulay once said in his trenchant way that it was a stupid fallacy to suppose that the mob was fickle. The mob, on the contrary, was very constant—the mischief was that it usually chose its favourites so ill. The German people have unusual capacities for unselfish devotion. The trouble with them is that they choose the objects of their devotion so ill. Even the holocausts offered to their Moloch in Belgium—even the eternal shame of Louvain and Reims—do not seem so far to have disgusted his worshippers. But it is fair to them to remember that what they have honoured most is just that determination—

To scorn delights and live laborious days

which, if applied to worthier objects than military supremacy, might have enabled the Germans to lead the world towards a higher type of humanity.

## The Human Side of Dante's Religion

PROFESSOR HERFORD, who has acquired no mean reputation for his scholarly work on the chief literatures of Europe, lectured before the members of the Manchester Dante Society at the University on "The Human Aspect of Dante's Religion." Professor Tout, another "maestro di color che sanno," was in the chair. He prefaced the lecture by giving a vivid sketch of the turbulent times in which the Florentine lived, and emphasised the debt that mediæval studies owe to the "grete poete of Itaille." The lecturer showed unmistakably that he had fathomed the poet's innermost thought, for he dealt with the subject in a masterly manner throughout. He first examined Dante's claims in the realms of poesy, and said that the great Italian "comes before us primarily as one of the supreme bards of the world. More particularly he leads the serried and splendid hosts of modern poetry." But (he continued) not even his magnificent expression of faith, not even his consummate poetry is his whole or his highest title. Dante the man stands nearer to most of us even than Dante the poet. For

he is a supreme example of how the problems, which the humblest as well as the most highly placed life imposes, may be met. Each of us has in some fashion to shape the materials he finds into some instrument which helps to prepare the future. The lecturer dwelt on the wonderful recovery of the fame of Dante Alighieri, its steady growth since the beginning of the eighteenth century, and said that "as his own age receded further into the background he has been in closer and closer touch with ours." As the shell of his thought became more plainly perishable, its inner soul grew more evidently and indubitably eternal. Like the spirit of Pentecost, he has seemed to speak home to all men in their own tongues. Hardly a creed or a confession, religious or political, but has recognised a kinsman in Dante, yet the poet breathes no hint at any time of dissent from Catholic orthodoxy. Never did a man so passionately bent upon progress build upon so broad a base of order. Such a man has more in common with, and more to say to, the humblest workman who understands his tools and uses them to make the best he can, than has either the cultured epicurean who simply enjoys the past without turning it to account, or the reckless anarchist who treats it as mischievous obstruction to a future which can only be built upon its ruins.

And Dante's religion is (he proceeded to say) not an excrescence, nor his politics an expedient; the temper and genius of the man saturates and suffuses his ideas so that even what is perishable in his thought, as scientific doctrine, remains fresh and eloquent, touched with the alchemy of a mind whose power "durerà quanto il moto lontana." At this juncture Dr. Herford subtly analysed the two aspects of Dante's religion, the human and the divine, and contended that both were inseparable and real, and that in the vast mind of the poet they could both exist in living union. In lesser minds, even of kindred intensity, one of the two commonly suffers attenuation; either the divine shrivels up into mere abstract symbols for human forces, or human life on earth shrinks into a mere preface or vestibule to a life after death. For Dante, the universe was penetrated through and through by the glory of God "in una parte più e meno altrove" as each part in Shelley's no less sublime words becomes more or less a mirror of the divine love. And Intelligences, which could transcend time and space, saw God as an intense radiating point at the centre, with all Heaven and Nature depending from it.

To substantiate his argument, the lecturer gave a masterly exposition of the doctrines contained in Canto XXVIII of the *Paradiso* on the concordance of the heavenly systems, and dwelt on the material world and the intelligential ("l'esempio e l'esemplare"). Dr. Herford subsequently contrasted Dante as an idealist and as a realist: "As a realist he seizes upon all the speculative material of theology and philosophy within his reach, and builds them into a visionary fabric proportioned to his aspiration. As a realist he instinctively seeks a meaning in experience for his dreams, a basis in the heart and conscience for his visionary fabric, a root in the earth for heaven and hell, a dwelling-place for God in man. The dualism of the Middle Ages permitted these two instincts to evolve their own separate world of thought and feeling undisturbed." The lecturer here gave the respective conceptions that Dante and Milton had of God, of Nature, and of man. Exquisite were his reflections on Dante's apprehension of love: "Milton, in his early

time one of the choicest and most gracious spirits who ever flowered in England, must submit to be supplemented by the yet richer and more gracious spirit of Dante. The lady in 'Comus' preaches, indeed, a noble doctrine, yet that lofty and passionate repudiation of the baser forms of love which she embodies is but half the tale; it needs for completion Dante's passionate apprehension of the love which not merely forces everything ignoble in its presence either to grow noble or to perish, but exalts the spiritual vision and carries the rapt servant of truth to the fulfilment of the highest that his nature can attain or achieve. And yet this love which possesses Dante's being and illuminates for him the sublimest recesses of the heaven of heavens is no cloistered and recluse ecstasy, but a passion at whose burning core are kindled the ardours of all the other noble and gracious activities of man, so that thought and art and citizenship are lifted to their potency by being purged from the special blemishes which beset each when pursued as an isolated aim; thought from the barrenness of scholastic abstraction; art from the folly of 'art for art's sake'; citizenship from the futility of partisan rancour. And so Dante won the reward which belongs to those whose whole being is set upon the things that go to the root of life; however perishable the materials which he built into his work, it remains and will remain; though his outer life was a ruin and his citizenship a hunger and thirst for duties denied him, and his speculation thridded with untenable propositions, yet the soul of Dante emerges from those fragments and failures a marvel of rounded completeness, rich alike in the fullness of promise in the fruit it garners up and the seed it scatters."

At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Herford was accorded a great ovation.

In these times of grave concern for the whole of Europe, it is a relief to be transported into the serene regions of literature and art, "in più spirabil aère," to rise to a higher conception of life, to look with contempt upon this earth, this material earth, for the possession of which men, as Dante says, contend so ferociously (par xxii, l. 151):—

"E questo fia suggel ch'ogn'uomo sganni."

A. VALGIMIGLI.

## MOTORING

DURING the past week the A.A. patrols have sent in a number of reports of useful work accomplished by them "on the road" on behalf of members. In two cases they were called upon to render first-aid and other assistance in connection with serious car accidents. One patrol, who has within a short period stopped six runaway horses on his "beat," last week stopped a runaway trap, and afterwards rendered the necessary first-aid services, no doctor being available. Hunt meets have been attended by patrols for the purpose of regulating cars and assisting motorists generally, and reports are also to hand showing that a number of patrols have been put on traffic duty by the request of local police authorities, who have been unable, for various reasons, to provide constables for this work.

We have received for notice a copy of the Napier

Catalogue for 1915. For years the motor industry has been notable for the artistic excellence of the catalogues annually issued by its leading firms, but it is safe to say that the latest Napier production in this direction stands out pre-eminent for refinement, sumptuousness of illustration, and all-round merit. The most striking feature of the catalogue is the series of twelve photographs in colours, representing the three types of noiseless Napiers for 1915. The other contents of this unique production consist of photographs of the exterior and interior of the great works at Acton, a description of the methods of manufacture, a list of the principal successes achieved by the Napier on the road and track, press appreciations and users' testimonials, and a long list of the names of distinguished owners. Motorists desiring to possess a copy of the work should apply to 14, New Burlington Street, London, W.

The patriotism of members of the Automobile Association is well evidenced in Warwickshire and Worcestershire, where, in response to an appeal for cars for the transport of recruits, no less than 300 promises were forthcoming in a week. This number, however, gratifying though it is, does not suffice for all purposes. Owners of motor-cars in these two counties who are anxious and willing to assist in furthering recruiting are earnestly requested to forward their names and addresses, with particulars as to their cars, telephone number, etc., to the Midland Office of the Association, Central House, New Street, Birmingham.

## In the Temple of Mammon

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

HERE is a general atmosphere of optimism in the air. The news from the Front is not bad. We believe that we shall gradually wear the Germans down; also the settlement has passed off better than we imagined it would. Again, we think that the War Loan has been reasonably well subscribed. All these things make for cheerfulness. Everything depends upon sentiment in this City of London. I really believe that the English are the most sentimental nation on the face of the earth. They have an incurable aversion to face any fact that is in the least disagreeable. Now, I admit that in many things sentiment is an excellent thing. For example, if I were conducting a recruiting office I would gush to the utmost of my ability, and in running a war patriotic sentiment is worth an army corps. But in the City I have no use for sentiment, for it is always utilised by the rogue to his own advantage, and to the disadvantage of the public.

There is no doubt that an attempt is being made to push up prices to the level they were at before the war broke out. The shrewd people in the City are not buying very heavily, but they are picking up stock here and there, especially where they think there is a shortage. Do not imagine that these people are buying the stocks with the idea of holding them permanently. Nothing of the sort. They are only buying in order to create a public demand upon which they can unload all their paper. Some of them are quite frank enough to admit this, others assume that special brand of hypocrisy so dearly beloved by the British public. I warn all my readers who have stocks and shares that if prices rise to a level anywhere near that before the war broke out, they should immediately unload. I say this because it is quite certain that the war will last a very long time. It is quite certain that it will cost us a thousand millions; this means that it will drain the whole country dry; everybody will have to sacrifice something, many people will have to sacrifice everything. Therefore, there is not the remotest chance that stocks and shares can permanently remain high. They may be pushed up, they probably will be; but they will soon fall again unless, of course, Germany collapses in a much quicker manner than anyone believes she will.

I have talked with people who have just returned from Berlin and they assure me that the patriotic feeling throughout Germany is intense, that widows go about the streets boasting of their loss, that fathers are proud that their children have died for the fatherland. There is no idea of defeat in the mind of anyone; there is black hatred of England, contempt for France, and a feeling that Russia will be squared sooner or later. The feeling in Berlin should make us think and cause us to be careful. Germany will not collapse as quickly as some people believe. I am afraid that the wish is father to the thought.

The War Loan is not intended to be a popular loan. It is really a means of creating a bankers' credit. For three years the stock will be as good as cash to the Joint Stock Banks, they will therefore be able to finance trade with the money that they have subscribed. The bankers in their innermost hearts do not, therefore, want the public to take the Loan. On the contrary, they wish to take it themselves, borrow on it from the Bank of England, and lend the money to the country at a profit. The Government have arranged that the Bank of England shall lend at one per cent. below Bank rate for three years. Now, as the Loan carried interest at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., it is pretty evident that the Bank of England does not expect that the Bank Rate will fall below 5 per cent. during the continuance of the war. Those who talk of cheap money should remember this, for it is certain that a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. rate is an impossible thing, or even a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. rate.

The Argentine Railway collapse is only another proof of the unwisdom of believing whatever Mr. Farquhar promises. The holders of the 6 per cent. notes which were taken by an International Banking Syndicate have, however, fairly good collateral security, as they have some large blocks of shares in a French Railway company operating in the Province of Santa Fe. This is a prosperous concern. They also hold a big block of Cordoba Central common stock, and this in two or three years' time should be worth something. The Cordoba Central report which is now issued tells us that the Argentine Railway were unable to pay the £106,630 owing, and that they have therefore accepted 5,000 shares in the French company, and have cancelled the agreement with the Argentine Railway. The Cordoba Central report is fairly good, and the securities are certainly worth holding. The Entre Rios report shows a great capacity to cut down

expenses, and here also the Argentine Railway Company is unable to meet its engagements and a similar arrangement to that made with the Cordoba Central has been entered into. Entre Ríos is, however, a very long shot, and nothing but the bonds are worth holding.

The Strand Palace Hotel has not done quite so well this year; nevertheless its profits are wonderfully even, and it is clear that the hotel is always full. The Regent Palace will not be opened until next year, and the Baker Street Palace has not yet been begun. The new shares seem to me slightly speculative. The Dunlop Rubber Company continue their phenomenal prosperity; their profits total £381,900, or nearly £32,000 better than last year. Once again 15 per cent. is paid, £175,000 goes to reserve, and £33,200 is carried forward. The parent tyre company raise their dividend on the deferred from 5 to 7½. The Weardale managed to make £100,370 profit, and can therefore pay once again 6 per cent. on the deferred, £40,000 is placed to depreciation, and £35,438 is carried forward. But we must not expect that this over-capitalised concern will find 1915 as prosperous as 1914, and it is very doubtful whether the deferred will get a dividend. The famous brewers, Worthington and Company, have had an admirable year, and holders of debentures and preference must feel quite comfortable when they read the report. Their securities are amply covered, both as regards principal and interest.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MONSIEUR YVES GUYOT ON THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The efforts which have been made to bring about a Conference of the Neutral Powers to consider how they should deal with the situation brought about by Germany's breach of their and her own conventions, voluntarily entered into at The Hague in 1907, have been given publicity in THE ACADEMY. Amongst others who have been attracted to the movement is M. Yves Guyot, a former Minister of the French Republic, and I beg to lay before your readers a letter recently received from him by me, together with my reply:—

My Dear Colleague,—The letter you wrote to Dr. Baty (Honorary Secretary to the International Law Association) is a further testimony of your ardour in seeking, for political problems, the solutions which most conform to justice and humanity. But I must admit that, under the present circumstances, I do not see what useful object would be attained by the gathering of a Conference of Neutrals.

The Law Professors of the German Universities, the Diplomats and Governors of Germany, the Members of the Reichstag, have, on several occasions, in solemn manner, proclaimed that law is born of force; that law is but the consecration and regularisation of accomplished acts. Their policy is in conformity with this conception. They consider that promises are of no account so soon as they become a hindrance. The Neutral Powers might take any resolutions they chose; if not agreeable to Germany, that nation would only observe them if the Neutrals showed themselves ready to impose them by force. Among the 44 States represented at the Conference of The Hague in 1907, how many of the Neutrals would be disposed to enforce their decisions in such a manner? And how many would be able to contribute efficaciously?

For years past Germany and Austria-Hungary have kept the world constantly a prey to anxieties ceaselessly renewed. In 1911, violating the Treaty of Berlin of 1878,

Austria-Hungary shamelessly annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Germany declared that she approved of that violation of the treaty signed in the very capital of the German Empire: and woe betide the nations who, having signed the Treaty of Berlin, should insist on it being respected! Germany would stand beside Austria to wage war against them! In face of this threat the States allowed the treaty to be torn up. Austria-Hungary and Germany concluded that they might allow themselves every licence, and the present war is a result of this conviction.

The great majority of Frenchmen are not actuated by the thought of vengeance. They want to put an end to the constant state of anxiety in which they are held by German policy, and to the heavy expenses, both personal and financial, which that policy necessitates for armaments. They are ready to submit to every sacrifice. They desire a solution which shall be sufficiently clear for Europe to have no further fear that Germany and Austria-Hungary shall attempt to take their revenge in a few years' time. This solution comprises the destruction of the hegemony of Prussia over Germany and the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary. These two Powers will only accept this when, their armies being destroyed, they find themselves forced to bend to the right of might. Are the Neutrals in a position, and have they the will to impose such a solution? The present time is sufficiently cruel; it must bequeath to the future a definite peace—no half-measures will ensure that. The policy of the Allies is a guarantee, for it is disinterested. France will only demand annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, which Germany, in more than 40 years, has not managed to assimilate. Russia, proclaiming the reconstitution of Poland, declares by that very fact that she will ask for no territorial annexation. Great Britain will not claim Hanover, and if she takes the German colonies it is not with the object of acquiring new territory, but in order to suppress the pretexts of conflicts which any German Government might provoke there. It is not a question of destroying 120 millions of people from Europe, or of ruining them. The thing to be done is to put their Government in such a position that it shall be impossible for them to injure others.

You cannot expect the Allied Governments to welcome and favour your proposition. If they supported it, Germany and Austria-Hungary would consider it a sign of weakness and would renew their efforts. Far from shortening the war, adherence to your project would lengthen it. If Germany and Austria-Hungary encouraged it, it would only be in the hope of avoiding an indispensable solution. Such are the observations, my dear colleague, which your proposition suggests to me.

Yours very sincerely,  
October 29, 1914. (Signed) YVES GUYOT.

My reply to M. Guyot was as follows, dated November 19:—

My Dear Friend,—I now follow up my short acknowledgment of your welcome letter of the 29th *ultimo* with an explanation of the appeal to the Neutral Powers which I hope will lead you to welcome the convening of a Conference of their representatives.

In the first place, let me say how highly I appreciate the statesmanlike and humanitarian policy you put forward as that of the French people. I think I follow you in all you say in that regard. After all the French people have had to suffer from the ascendancy of Prussian militarism, your letter is conclusive evidence that the world has advanced in civilisation when you say: "The great majority of Frenchmen are not actuated by the thought of vengeance. They want to put an end to the constant state of anxiety in which they are held by German policy, and to the heavy expenses, both personal and financial, which that

policy necessitates for armaments. They are ready to submit to every sacrifice. They desire a solution which shall be sufficiently clear for Europe to have no further fear that Germany and Austria-Hungary shall attempt to take their revenge in a few years' time." May I not claim that my letter to the International Law Association, in August last, was in harmony with this view when I said: "The compensation for so awful a calamity as the present war can only be found in an ending which shall make its repetition an impossibility. To ensure this will tax to the utmost the efforts of all who desire to see a reign of law substituted for the licence of physical force. We have not only to defeat the military despotism which has its centre in Prussia, but we have to see that no other military despotism shall be established. This can only be done by the civilised nations setting up International Courts with some form of International Police to keep order between the nations, as the National Courts and Police keep order between individuals?"

What you so justly put forward as the aim of the French people is a reign of law between the nations. The respect for law in every nation is measured by the loyalty of the individual members of the nation, from the humblest citizen to the head of the State. The respect for International Law must in like manner be measured by the loyalty of the individual nations responsible for the making of the law. The proposal that the nations who in 1907 made laws to regulate their conduct towards each other should meet in 1914 to consider forthwith how they should deal with the situation brought about by some of their number having broken the laws is one which I do expect the Allied Governments to welcome and favour, and misguided as are the people of Germany and Austria-Hungary, in so far as they honestly believe that they are in the right, so far they should also welcome the proposed Conference.

In effect, all the nations in arms have asked for a verdict by the Neutral Powers, for have they not printed in the languages of these Powers their White Books, Orange Books, Grey Books, and other documents for this very purpose? All who desire this verdict to be satisfactory and therefore conclusive must see that it can only be arrived at after the whole of the circumstances have been carefully considered and the whole of the evidence offered by the contending Governments in justification of their actions has been weighed by the representatives of the civilised nations meeting in Conference.

When the reply to the letter which has been addressed to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs is received I trust it will be a message to the effect that the Government of the French Republic would welcome the desired Conference.

I remain, Sir,  
Yours very truly,  
MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall Mall, S.W., November, 1914.

#### REPLY TO QUERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Merton Densher, in your issue of November 7, inquires as to the authorship of the following fragment:

So to the Lord of the embattled host,  
Not unto us, praise and thanksgiving be,  
Who made this Isle viceregent of the Sea  
And spread its empery from coast to coast. . . .

I am happy to inform him that these lines form a part of a poem by the late Mr. Alfred Austin which appeared in the *Standard* some years ago. I have the cutting, but

unfortunately cannot give the exact date; nor do I know if the poem is reprinted in any volume. I remain, yours very truly,

S. HARDING.

London, S.W.

#### A PROTEST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Will you permit me through the columns of THE ACADEMY, which at least is concerned with the interests of British workers in art and literature, to protest at the manner in which the *Daily Telegraph*, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and others, are promoting "King Albert's Book" to the further detriment of those who are having a pretty hard struggle to live? I make this protest in no ungracious spirit; my admiration for King Albert and the Belgians is unbounded. But it is certain that every £3 spent by the public on "King Albert's Book" will go some way to restrict still more the slender chances of other books at this anxious time.

I know cases where artists and writers who usually execute their principal commissions for this season have done nothing. Commissions have actually been withdrawn in some cases. Every bookseller will tell you that what he sells of "King Albert's Book" is not extra, but goes some way to discount his general trade. I do not give my name because I do not wish to advertise my personal necessities. Yours truly,

BLACK AND WHITE.

#### The Red Cross Motor Ambulance

Subscriptions to this fund for presenting a Napier Motor Ambulance Car valued at £625 to the Red Cross Society are coming in very slowly. We ask our readers to let us have a note of sums collected. The £100 guaranteed provisionally depends on our receiving the balance of £525. So far the amounts received are:

Provisionally promised	£100 0 0
Miss Margaret Eastwood	5 5 0
E. G. F. S.	3 0 7
Collected by Mr. F. W. Hingston of Buckhurst	
Hill, Essex:—F. W. Hingston, 5s.;	
Mrs. Hingston, 5s.; E. F. F. Hingston, 5s.;	
C. D. Coxall, 5s.; Frank G. Foster, 5s.;	
H. E. Swann, 5s.	10 0 0
Bernard Phillips	6 4
H. D. S.	10 8
P. F. Loft	4 2
G. H. S.	15 0
The Queenlette	7 6
	£111 9 3

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*Human Derelicts.* By T. N. Kelynack, M.D. (C. H. Kelly. 5s. net.)  
*The Life Indeed.* By W. W. Holdsworth, M.A. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)  
*Bamboo: Tales of the Orient Born.* By Lyon Sharman (Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco. \$1 net.)  
*A Study in Illumination.* By Geraldine Hodgson. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 4s. 6d. net.)  
*Little Sketches of French Chateaux.* By Reginald Rogers (Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)